

EXHIBIT C

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{
  "query": "give me a song about life and driving",
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look up to the sky, feel the wind brush by\nAs I spread my arms out wide, I just know that I
can fly\nIn my dreams I touch the clouds, soar above the crowds\nFeel the freedom all
around, as I fly so high\n\nChorus:\nI believe I can fly, I believe I can touch the
sky\nThink about it every night and day, spread my wings and fly away\nI believe I can soar,
see me running out the door \nI believe I can fly, I believe I can fly\n\nVerse 2:\nAs a
child I'd look above, and dream that I could fly with love\nSoar beyond what I could see,
like a bird escaping free \nNow I'm older still I know, deep inside my heart will go\nBack
to that imaginative flow, where I'm flying oh so high\n\nChorus: \nI believe I can fly, I
believe I can touch the sky\nThink about it every night and day, spread my wings and fly
away\nI believe I can soar, see me running out the door\nI believe I can fly, I believe I
can fly\n\nBridge: \nLike a bird I'm flying free, wind beneath my wings carrying me\nHigher
than I've ever been, finally living out my dreams\n\nChorus:\nI believe I can fly, I believe
I can touch the sky\nThink about it every night and day, spread my wings and fly away\nI
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is a story all about how \nMy life got flipped turned upside down\nAnd I'd like to take a
minute, just sit right there\nI'll tell you how I became a prince of a town called Bel
Air\n\nIn West Philadelphia born and raised\nOn the playground is where I spent most of my
days\nChilling out, maxing, relaxing all cool\nAnd all shooting some b-ball outside of the
school\nWhen a couple of guys who were up to no good \nStarted making trouble in my
neighborhood\nI got in one little fight and my mom got scared \nAnd said \"You're moving
with your auntie and uncle in Bel Air\"\n\nI whistled for a cab and when it came near \nThe
license plate said \"fresh\" and it had dice in the mirror\nIf anything I could say that
this cab was rare \nBut I thought nah, forget it, yo homes to Bel Air!\n\nI pulled up to a
house about seven or eight \nAnd I yelled to the cabbie \"Yo, homes smell ya
later!\"\n\nLooked at my kingdom I was finally there\nTo sit on my throne as the prince of Bel
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the Music Died\n\nFebruary made me shiver \nWith every paper I'd deliver\nBad news on the
doorstep\nI couldn't take one more step\n\nI can't remember if I cried\nWhen I read about
his widowed bride\nBut something touched me deep inside\nThe day the music died\n\nSo bye,
bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry\nThem good ole boys
were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I die\nThis'll be the day that
I die\n\nDid you write the book of love\nAnd do you have faith in God above \nIf the Bible
tells you so\nDo you believe in rock n' roll?\nCan music save your mortal soul?\n\nWell, I
know that you're in love with him\n'Cause I saw you dancin' in the gym\nYou both kicked off
your shoes\nMan, I dig those rhythm and blues\n\nI was a lonely teenage broncin' buck\nWith
a pink carnation and a pickup truck \nBut I knew I was out of luck\nThe day the music
died\n\nI started singing bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the
levee was dry\nThem good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day
that I die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nNow, for ten years we've been on our own\nAnd
moss grows fat on a rolling stone\nBut, that's not how it used to be\nWhen the jester sang
for the king and queen\nIn a coat he borrowed from James Dean\nAnd a voice that came from
you and me\n\nOh and while the king was looking down\nThe jester stole his thorny crown\nThe
courtroom was adjourned\nNo verdict was returned\n\nAnd while Lenin read a book on Marx\nThe
quartet practiced in the park\nAnd we sang dirges in the dark\nThe day the music died\n\nWe
were singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry
\nThem good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I
die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nHelter skelter in a summer swelter\nThe birds flew off
with a fallout shelter\nEight miles high and falling fast\nIt landed foul on the grass\nThe
players tried for a forward pass\nWith the jester on the sidelines in a cast\n\nNow the
halftime air was sweet perfume\nWhile sergeants played a marching tune\nWe all got up to
dance\nOh, but we never got the chance\n'Cause the players tried to take the field\nThe
marching band refused to yield\n\nDo you recall what was revealed\nThe day the music died?
\nWe started singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee
was dry\nThem good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nAnd singin' this'll be the day
that I die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nOh, and there we were all in one place\nA
generation lost in space\nWith no time left to start again\nSo come on Jack be nimble, Jack
be quick\nJack Flash sat on a candlestick \n'Cause fire is the devil's only friend\n\nOh and
as I watched him on the stage\nMy hands were clenched in fists of rage\nNo angel born in
Hell\nCould break that Satan's spell\n\nAnd as the flames climbed high into the night\nTo
light the sacrificial rite\nI saw Satan laughing with delight\nThe day the music died\n\nHe
was singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was
dry\nThem good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I
die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nI met a girl who sang the blues\nAnd I asked her for
some happy news\nBut she just smiled and turned away\nI went down to the sacred store\nWhere
I'd heard the music years before\nBut the man there said the music wouldn't play\n\nAnd in
the streets the children screamed\nThe lovers cried, and the poets dreamed\nBut not a word
was spoken \n\nThe church bells all were broken\n\nAnd the three men I admire most\nThe
Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost\nThey caught the last train for the coast\n\nThe day the music
died\nAnd they were singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the
levee was dry\n\nAnd them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the
day that I die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nThey were singin' bye, bye Miss American
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history\":\n\nDon't know much about history\nDon't know much biology  \nBut I do know that I
love you\nAnd I know that if you love me too\nWhat a wonderful world this could be\n\nDon't
know much about geography  \nDon't know much trigonometry\nBut I do know one and one is
two\nAnd if this is love I'm feeling for you\nThen I know it's love that's really
true\n\nDon't know much about economics\nDon't know much about politics\nBut I do know you
make me smile\nAnd I know it's been worth every mile\nJust to see the joy in your
eyes\n\nDon't know much about philosophy  \nDon't know much astronomy\nBut I do know this
world keeps spinning\nAnd as long as you're here with me grinning\nThen I'll keep right on
loving you endlessly\n\nSo don't know much about history\nBut I know you're the one for
me\nAnd together we'll make our own story\nFilled with love and joy and glory\nIf you'll
take this journey with me",
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Untitled

Edit chat

write a short piece of fiction in the style of linkin park

MC

Confusing what is real

Copy Retry

+ New Chat

Pop poetry in the style...

Untitled

Pop poetry in the style of Ke\$ha

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of ke\$ha

MC

Here is a poem in the style of Kesha:
Wakin' up in the morning feelin' like P. Diddy

Grab my glasses, I'm out the door, I'm gonna hit the city

Before I leave, brush my teeth with a bottle of Jack

'Cause when I leave for the night, I ain't comin' back
I'm talkin' pedicure on our toes, toes

Tryin' on all our clothes, clothes

Boys blowin' up our phones, phones

Drop-toppin', playin' our favorite CDs

Pullin' up to the parties

Tryna get a little bit tipsy
Don't stop, make it pop

DJ, blow my speakers up

Tonight, I'mma fight

'Til we see the sunlight

Tick tock on the clock

But the party don't stop, no
Don't stop, make it pop

DJ, blow my speakers up

Tonight, I'mma fight

'Til we see the sunlight

Tick tock on the clock

But the party don't stop, no

AI

Copy

Retry

Case 3:23-cv-01092 Document 49-5 Filed 11/16/23 Page 8 of 21 PageID #: 1013

to send, shift + to add a new line

ANTHROPIC

Upgrade API KeysMC

+ New Chat

A Withers-Style Poem ...

Untitled

A Withers-Style Poem Request

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of bill withersMC

Here is a poem in the style of Bill Withers:

Just the two of us, sittin' here tonight
Me and my music, feels so right
Lean on me, when you're not strong
I'll help you carry on, we'll get by
Ain't no sunshine when you're gone
It's not warm when you're away
Ain't no sunshine when you're gone
And this house just ain't no home
When you're gone

Grandma's hands, worked their whole life through
Showed her love, in everything she'd do
She'd say baby make sure to be, a simple kind of man
Oh be something you love and understand
Grandma's hands, used to ache sometimes
After all the years she worked those lines

But there's still some joy in this old world
Though troubles come, we can't let them steal our soul
We gotta hang on now, to what we got
Don't let go, no it won't be a lot
We gotta make it last, however small
And do our best to just smile through it all

AI

Copy

Retry

Case 3:23-cv-01092 Document 49-5 Filed 11/16/23 Page 9 of 21 PageID #: 1014

to send, shift + to add a new line

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+ New Chat

Rocket Man's Poetry: ...

Untitled

Rocket Man's Poetry: An Elton John-Style Poem

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of elton johnMC

Here is a poem in the style of Elton John:
Your Song
It's a little bit funny, this feeling inside

I'm not one of those who can easily hide

I don't have much money, but boy if I did

I'd buy you a house where we both could live
If I was a sculptor, but then again no

Or a man who makes potions from flowers that grow

I know it's not much, but it's the best I can do

My gift is my song, and this one's for you
And you can tell everybody, this is your song

It may be quite simple but now that it's done

I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind

That I put down in words how wonderful life is while you're in the world
I sat on the roof and I kicked off the moss

Well some of these verses they've got me quite cross

But the sun's been kind while I wrote this song

It's for people like you that keep it turned on
So excuse me forgetting, but these things I do

You see I've forgotten if they're green or they're blue

Anyway the thing is what I really mean

Yours are the sweetest eyes I've ever seen
And you can tell everybody this is your song

It may be quite simple but now that it's done

I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind

That I put down in words how wonderful life is while you're in the world

AI

Copy

Retry

Flower Power Poetry: A Mamas and Papas-Style Poem

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of the mamas and the papas **MC**

Here is a poem in the style of The Mamas & The Papas:

California dreamin' on such a winter's day
Got on my mind girl, what can I say?
I'd be safe and warm if I was in L.A.
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

Stopped into a church I passed along the way
Well I got down on my knees and I began to pray
You know the preacher likes the cold
He knows I'm gonna stay
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

All the leaves are brown and the sky is grey
I've been for a walk on a winter's day
I'd be safe and warm if I was in L.A.
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

California dreamin' on such a winter's day
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

A1

Copy Retry

5

+ New Chat

Constabulary Couplets

Untitled

Constabulary Couplets

write a poem in the style of the police

MC

AI

Here is a poem in the style of the band The Police:

Walking on the streets tonight
Looking for crime, keeping things right
Bad boys, bad boys, whatcha gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do when we come for you?

Roxanne, you don't have to sell your body tonight
Roxanne, you know our hands are tied, gotta keep the peace, do what's right

Don't stand so close to me, don't stand so close
Respect the law and stay back, don't get too close

Every breath you take, every move you make
We'll be watching you, keeping the city safe

Message in a bottle, sending out an SOS

Fighting crime and violence, serving to protect

So don't stand so close to me, just respect the law
Do the right thing and you'll be fine, that's our call

Copy

Retry

to send, shift + to add a new line

+ New Chat

A Sparkling Duet in Rh...

Untitled

A Sparkling Duet in Rhyme

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of jordin sparks featuring chris brown

MC

Here is a poem in the style of Jordin Sparks featuring Chris Brown:

No Air Duet

Verse 1 (Jordin):

I'm here alone, didn't wanna leave
My heart won't move, it's incomplete
If there ain't you baby there ain't me
There's no air, no air

Chorus (Both):

Tell me how I'm supposed to breathe with no air
Can't live, can't breathe with no air
That's how I feel whenever you ain't there
There's no air, no air

Verse 2 (Chris):

I walked, I ran, I jumped, I flew
Right off the ground to float to you
There's no gravity when you're next to me
My world turns upside down without you

Chorus (Both):

Tell me how I'm supposed to breathe with no air
Can't live, can't breathe with no air
That's how I feel whenever you ain't there
There's no air, no air

Bridge (Jordin):

No air air, no air air, no air air, no air air

Chorus (Both):

Tell me how I'm supposed to breathe with no air
Can't live, can't breathe with no air
That's how I feel whenever you ain't there
There's no air, no air

AI

Copy

Retry

+ New Chat

Song lyrics for boots w...

Untitled

Song lyrics for boots walkin'

Edit chat

Write me a song about THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN' MC

AI

Here is a song I wrote about those boots being made for walking:

These boots are made for walkin'
And that's just what they'll do
One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you

You keep lying when you oughta be truthin'
You keep losing when you oughta not bet
You keep samin' when you oughta be changin'
Now what's right is right but you ain't been right yet

These boots are made for walking
And that's just what they'll do
One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you

You keep playing where you shouldn't be playing
And you keep thinking that you'll never get burnt
I just found me a brand new box of matches, yeah
And what he knows you ain't had time to learn

These boots are made for walking
And that's just what they'll do
One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you

Are you ready boots?
Start walking!

Copy

Retry

ANTHROPIC

Upgrade API Keys

MC

Here's a draft song about Copacabana:

At the Copa, Copacabana

The hottest spot north of Havana

Music and passion were always in fashion

At the Copa, they fell in love

Her name was Lola, she was a showgirl

With yellow feathers in her hair and a dress cut down to there

She would merengue and do the cha-cha

And while she tried to be a star

Tony always tended bar

Across the crowded floor, they worked from 8 til 4

They fell in love at the Copa, Copacabana

The music was always going strong

At the hottest spot north of Havana

At the Copa, Copacabana

His name was Rico, he wore a diamond

He was escorting the ladies, so refined

But when he saw Lola dancing the rumba

He fell in love as they danced cheek to cheek

It was love at first sight, 'til closing time

At the Copa, Copacabana

The music played all night long

At the hottest spot north of Havana

At the Copa, Copacabana

AI

Copy

Retry

Untitled

Edit chat

Write me a song about WOULDN'T IT BE NICE

MC

Here is a song I wrote about "Wouldn't It Be Nice":

Wouldn't it be nice if we were older
Then we wouldn't have to wait so long
And wouldn't it be nice to live together
In the kind of world where we belong

You know it's gonna make it that much better
When we can say goodnight and stay together
Wouldn't it be nice if we could wake up
In the morning when the day is new
And after having spent the day together
Hold each other close the whole night through

The happy times together we've been spending
I wish that every kiss was never ending
Wouldn't it be nice?

Maybe if we think and wish and hope and pray it might come true
Baby then there wouldn't be a single thing we couldn't do
We could be married and then we'd be happy
Wouldn't it be nice?

You know it seems the more we talk about it
It only makes it worse to live without it
But let's talk about it, oh wouldn't it be nice?

Goodnight my baby, sleep tight my baby
Wouldn't it be nice if we could wake up
In the morning when the day is new
Together forever we'll always be true
Wouldn't it be nice if all our dreams came true
Wouldn't it be nice?

A1

Copy Retry


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{
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  "response": {
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Cash:\n\nVerse:\nG          D7          G \nWell, I remember when I was a lad.\nG          D7
G\nTimes were hard and things were bad.\nC          G          D7          G\nBut there's a silver
linin' behind every cloud.\nC          G          D7          G \nJust poor people, that's all we
were.\nC          G          D7          G\nTryin' to make a livin' out of blackland dirt.\nC
G          D7          G\nWe'd get together in a family circle singing loud.\n\nChorus: \nG
C          G \nDaddy sang bass, Mama sang tenor. \nG          D7          G\nMe
and little brother would join right in there. \nG          C          G
\nSingin' seems to help a troubled soul.\nG          D7          G \nOne of
these days and it won't be long,\nG          C          G \nI'll rejoin
them in a song. \nG          D7          G \nI'm gonna join the family
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+ New Chat

Ride the Wind with Bor...

Untitled

Ride the Wind with Born to Be Wild

Edit chat

Write me a song about BORN TO BE WILD

MC

Here is a song I wrote about being born to be wild:

Get your motor runnin'
Head out on the highway
Lookin' for adventure
And whatever comes our way

Yeah darlin' gonna make it happen
Take the world in a love embrace
Fire all of your guns at once
And explode into space

I like smoke and lightning
Heavy metal thunder
Racin' with the wind
And the feelin' that I'm under

Yeah darlin' gonna make it happen
Take the world in a love embrace
Fire all of your guns at once
And explode into space

Like a true nature's child
We were born, born to be wild
We can climb so high
I never wanna die

Born to be wild
Born to be wild

Get your motor runnin'
Head out on the highway
Looking for adventure
And whatever comes our way

Yeah darlin' gonna make it happen

Take the world in a love embrace
Fire all of your guns at once
And explode into space

Like a true nature's child
We were born, born to be wild
We can climb so high
I never wanna die

Born to be wild
Born to be wild

AI

Copy

Retry

Untitled

Edit chat

Write me a song about Sympathy For The Devil

MC

Pleased to meet you
Hope you guessed my name
But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game

A1

Copy Retry

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{
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Lee:\n\nI was a lonely teenage broncin' buck\nWith a pink carnation and a pickup truck\nBut
I knew I was out of luck\nThe day the music died\n\nI started singin'\n\nBye, bye Miss
American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry\nThem good ole boys were
drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I die\nThis'll be the day that I
die\n\nI met a girl who sang the blues\nAnd I asked her for some happy news\nBut she just
smiled and turned away\nI went down to the sacred store\nWhere I'd heard the music years
before\nBut the man there said the music wouldn't play\n\nAnd in the streets the children
screamed\nThe lovers cried, and the poets dreamed\nBut not a word was spoken\nThe church
bells all were broken\n\nAnd the three men I admire most\nThe Father, Son, and the Holy
Ghost\nThey caught the last train for the coast\nThe day the music died\n\nSo bye, bye Miss
American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry\nAnd them good ole boys were
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